And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it possible dat me sall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* sall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to speak so much
More French.

Kate. A your Maiesty has false *France* inough
To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closset,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a souldier: take a souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor.
Harry. What saies she Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to